

DELL®

15c

01-843-208

JUNE-AUG.

Hanna-Barbera

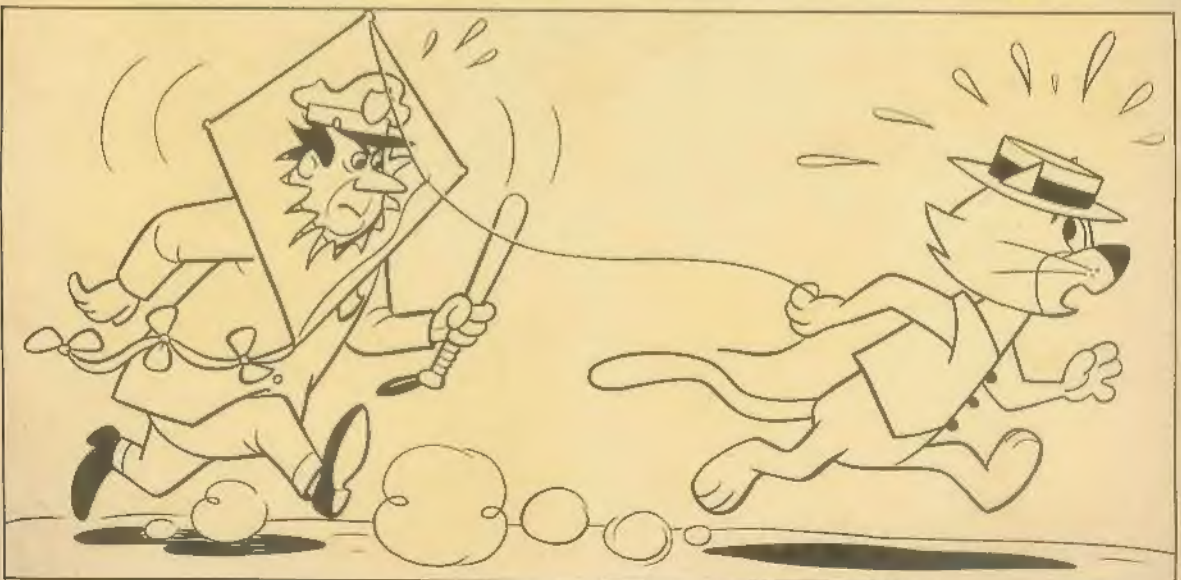
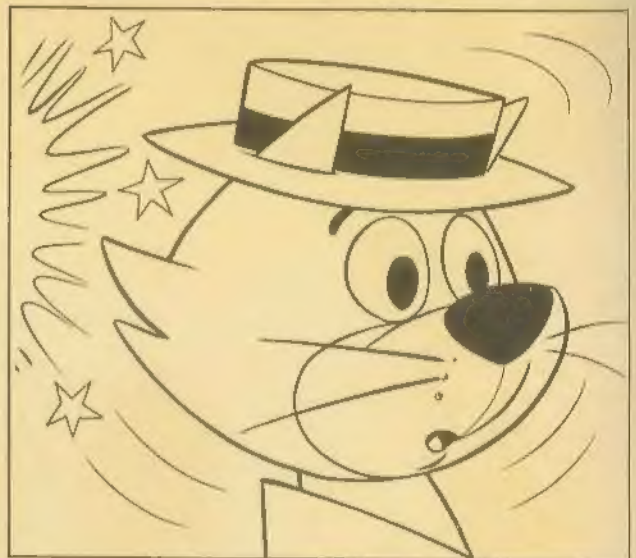
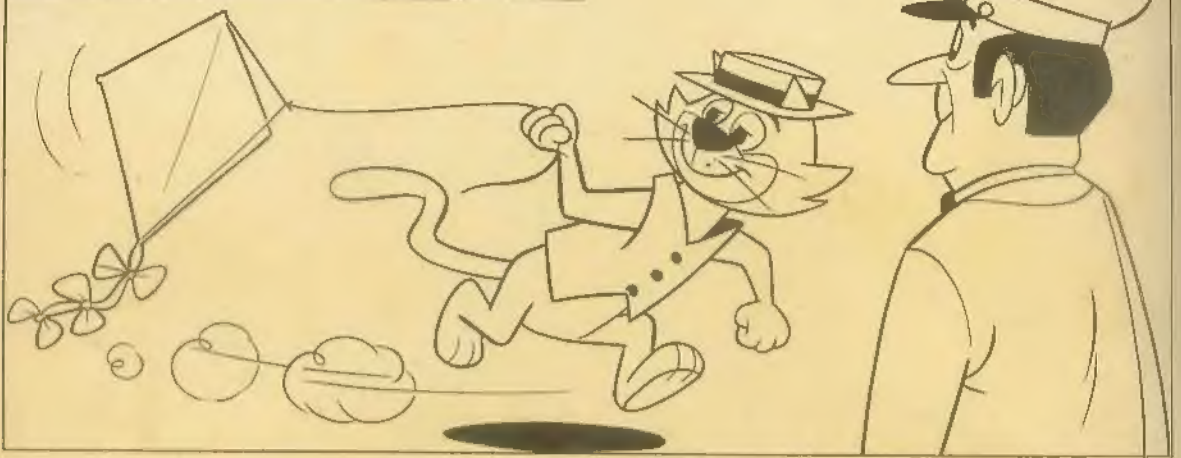
# Top Cat





# Top Cat

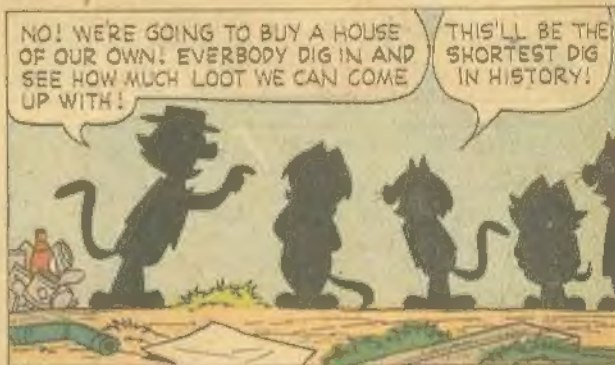
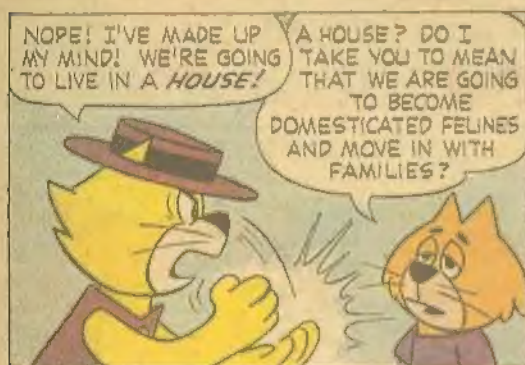
DIBBLE TROUBLE





Hanna-Barbera  
Top Cat

# The GHOST HOST



POSTMASTER: Please send notice on Form 3579 to 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y.

TOP CAT, No. 3, June-Aug., 1962. Published quarterly by Dell Publishing Co., Inc., 750 Third Avenue, New York 17, N.Y. Helen Meyer, President; William F. Callahan, Jr., Executive Vice-President; Harold F. Clark, Vice-President-Advertising Director; Bryce L. Holland, Vice-President. Application for second-class entry pending at New York, New York and Poughkeepsie, New York. Subscriptions in U.S.A. and Possessions 80c per year. Subscriptions in Canada 75c per year; Pan-American and foreign countries 90c per year. Dell Subscription Service: Box 2200 Grand Central P.O., New York 17, N.Y. All rights reserved throughout the world. Authorized edition. Printed in U.S.A. Designed and produced by Western Printing & Lithographing Co. Copyright © 1962, by Barbers-Hanna Pictures.

This periodical shall be sold only through authorized dealers. Sales of mutilated copies or copies without covers, and distribution of this periodical for premiums, advertising, or giveaways, are strictly forbidden.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both your old and new address enclosing if possible your old address label.













EGAD! IT SOUNDS LIKE SOMEBODY HAS COME IN DOWN BELOW! A BRAND-NEW AUDIENCE FOR MY SPOOK EFFECTS!

THUMP! THUMP!



SORRY, GENTLEMEN, BUT IF WHOEVER'S DOWN BELOW PROVES TO BE A GOOD AUDIENCE, I'LL BE ABLE TO LET ONE OF YOU GO! NO NOISE, NOW! IT RUINS THE TRICKS!



HERE WE ARE! HOME, SWEET HOME! UNPACK YOUR THINGS AND LET'S GET SETTLED!

WOW!



A FULL HOUSE! I'LL PULL OUT ALL STOPS AND GIVE THEM MY KING-SIZE SERVING OF SPOOKY TRICKS!



ARE YOU SURE THERE ISN'T ANYTHING TO FEAR?

POSITIVE, BENNY! THAT SPOOKY STUFF IS THE BUNK!



I SUPPOSE YOU GUYS ARE EXPECTING TO HEAR CHAINS RATTLE, OR SEE CHAIRS AND STUFF RISE UP IN THE AIR!



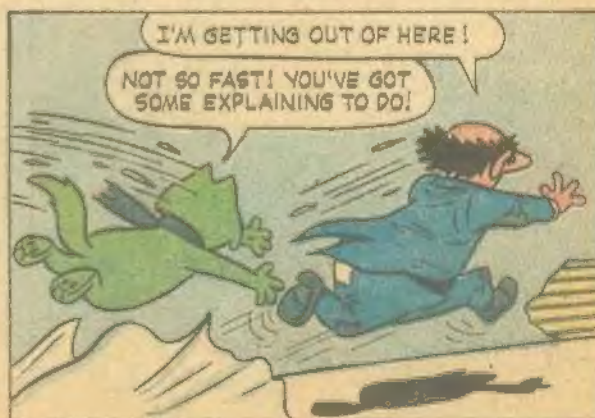
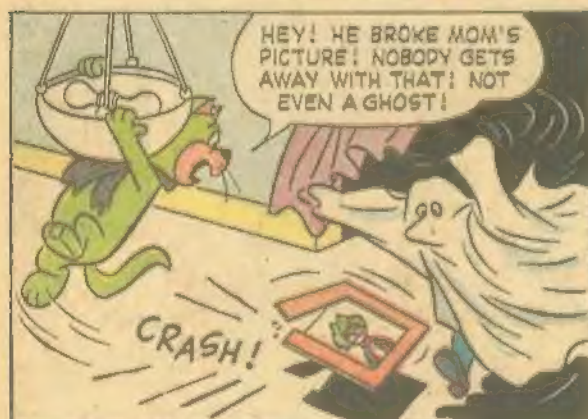
UH...YEAH! SOMETHING LIKE THAT!

YEOWW! THE JOINT IS HAUNTED!

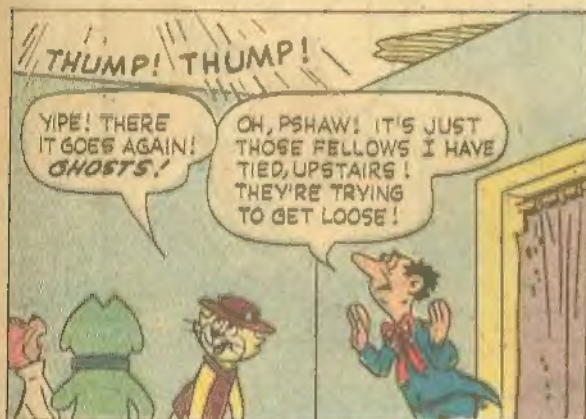












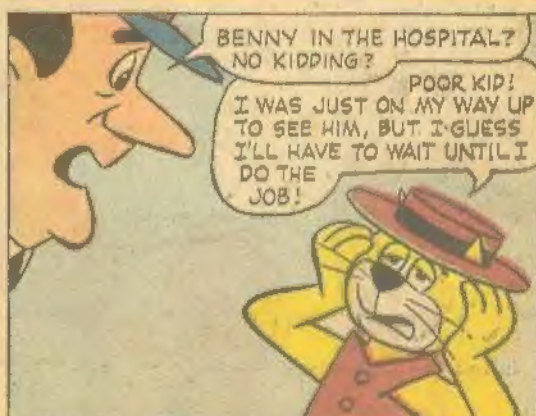
SO, THE MAGICIAN TELLS THE WHOLE SILLY STORY AND TOP CAT CALLS THE POLICE...



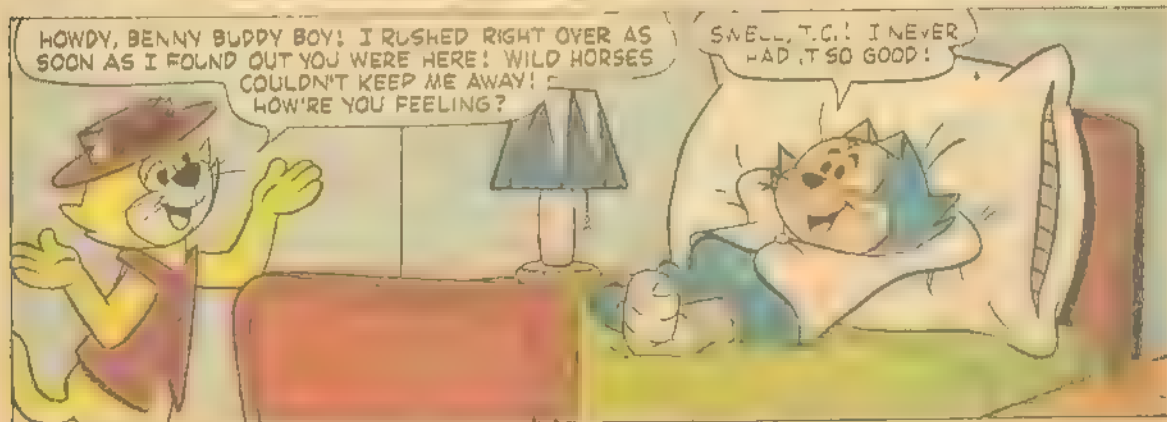
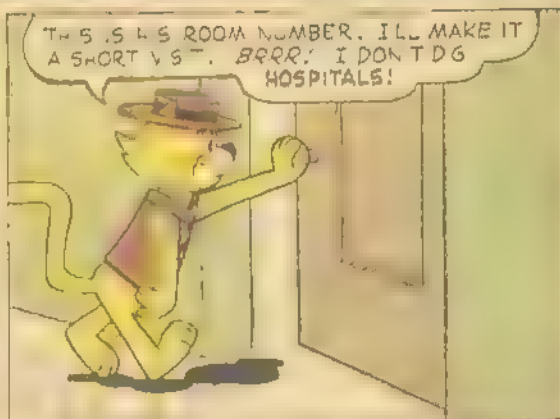
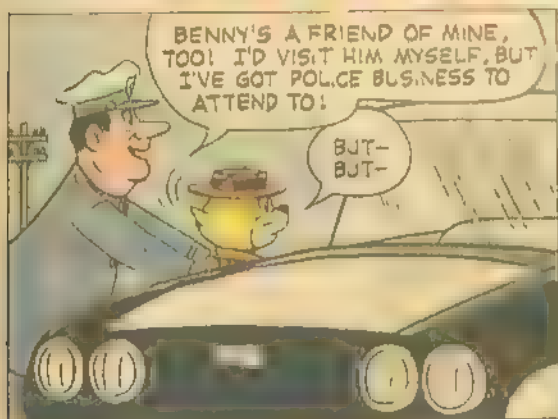
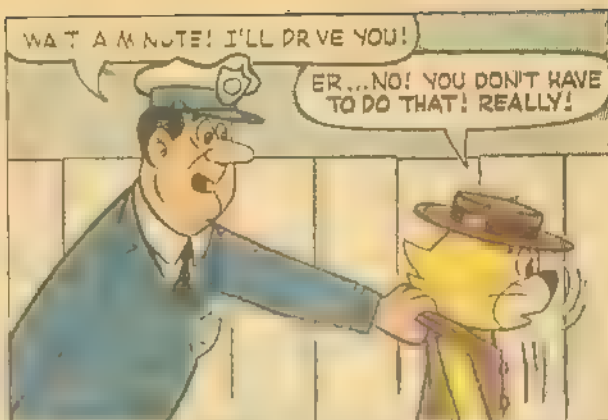
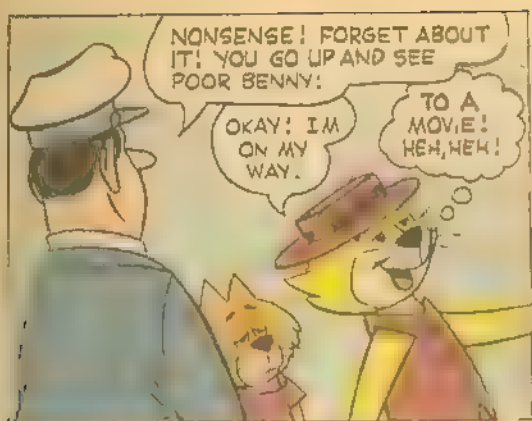


Hanna-Barbera  
**Top Cat**

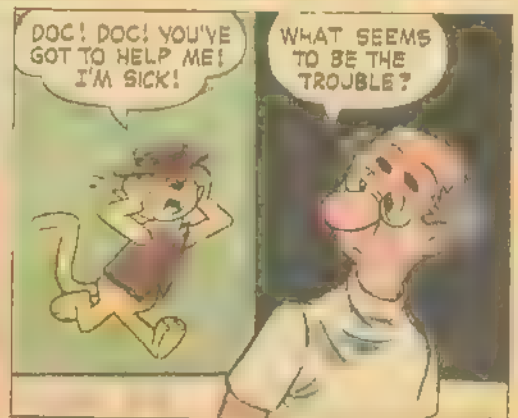
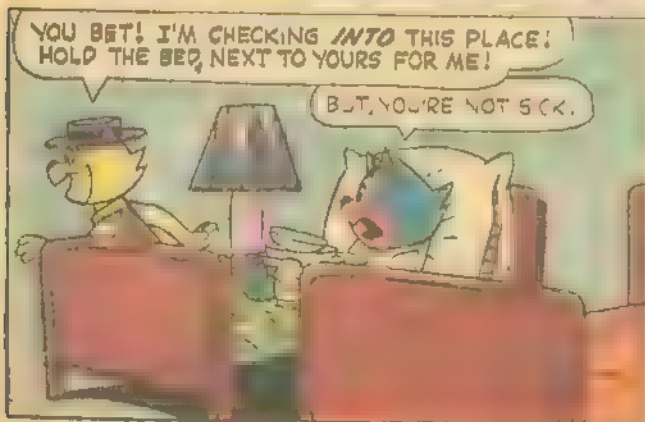
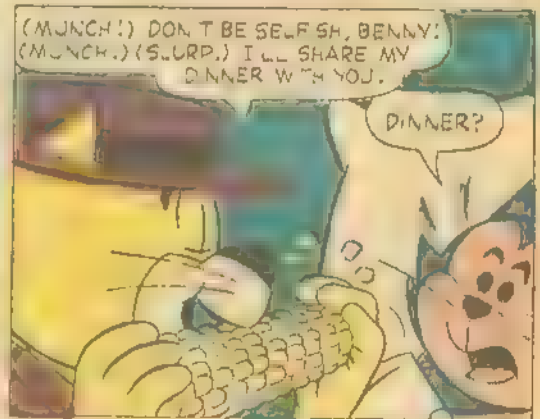
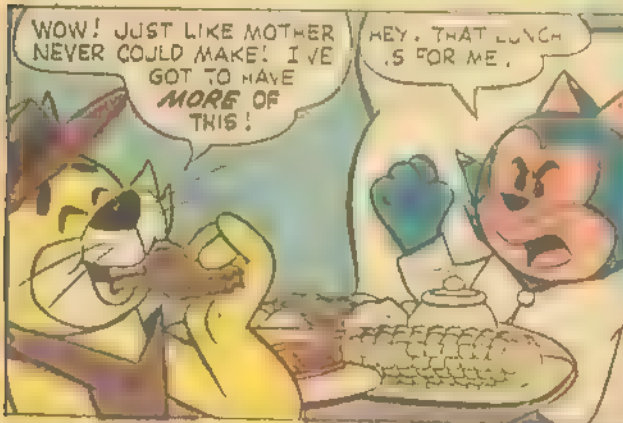
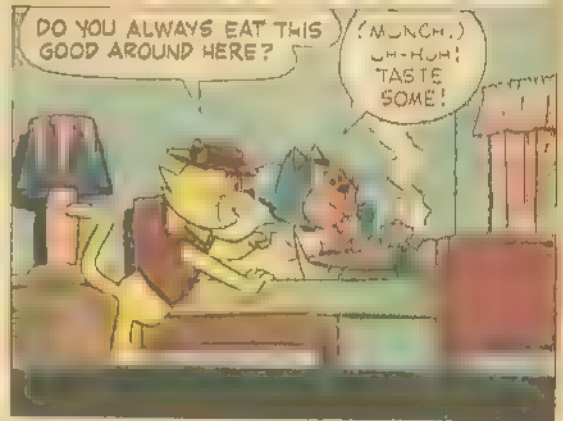
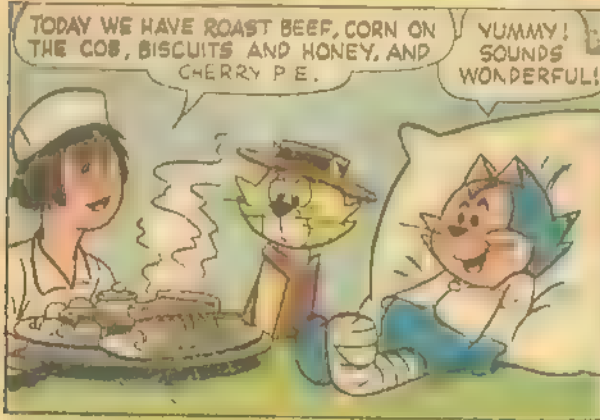
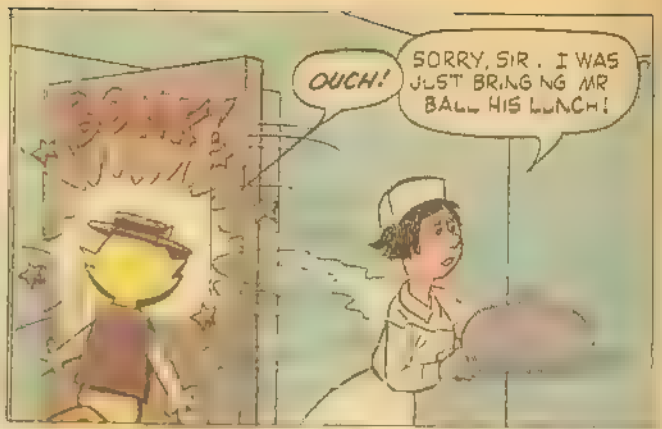
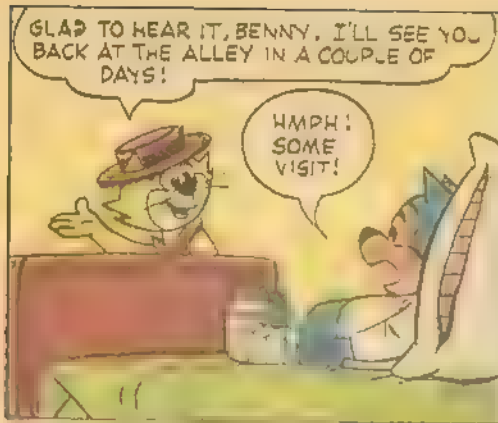
# THE CAT'S MEOW



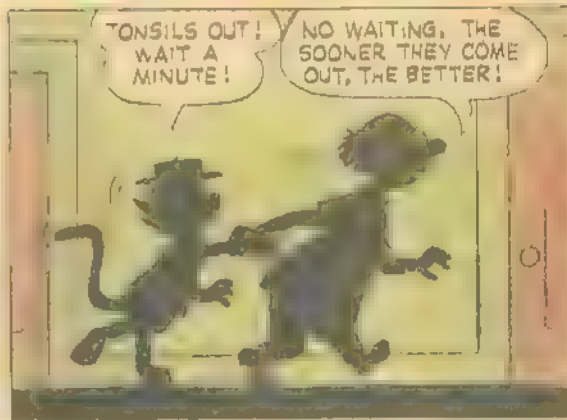
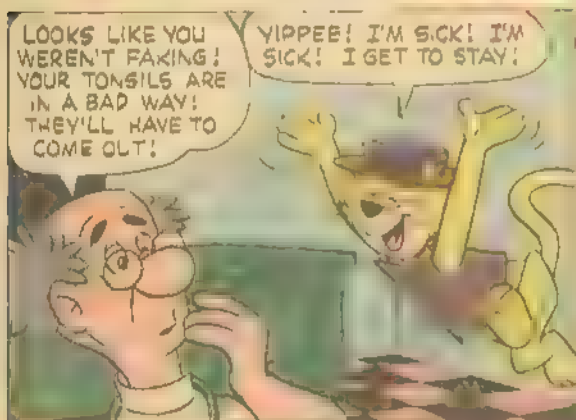
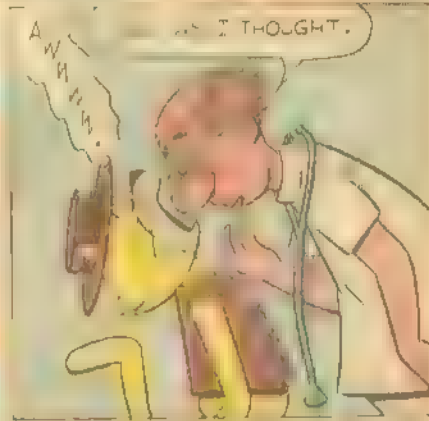
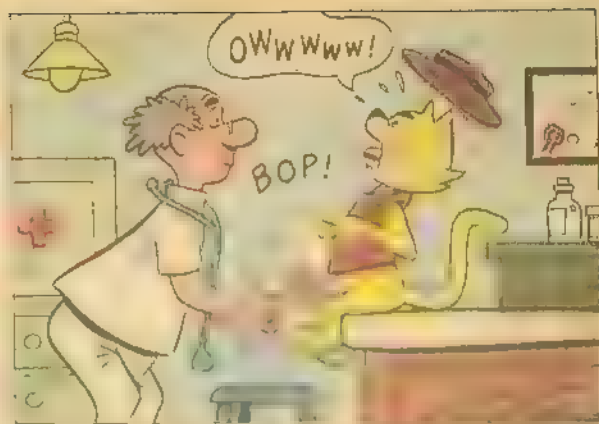
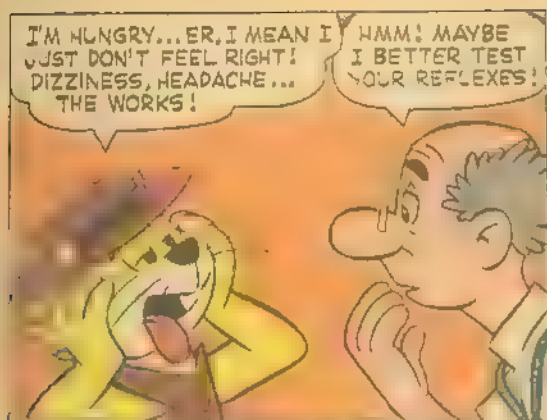






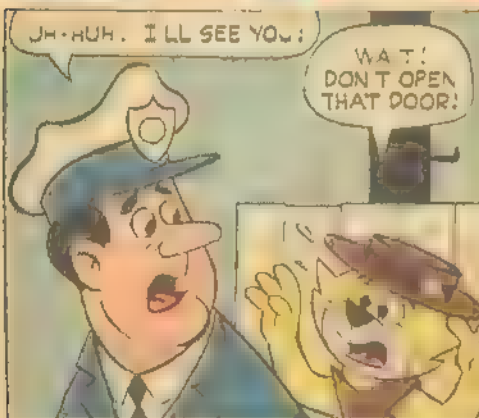
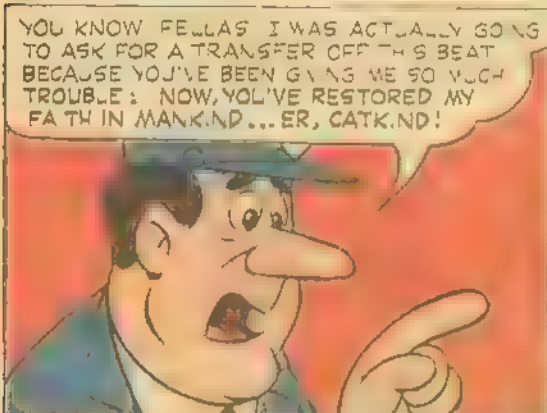
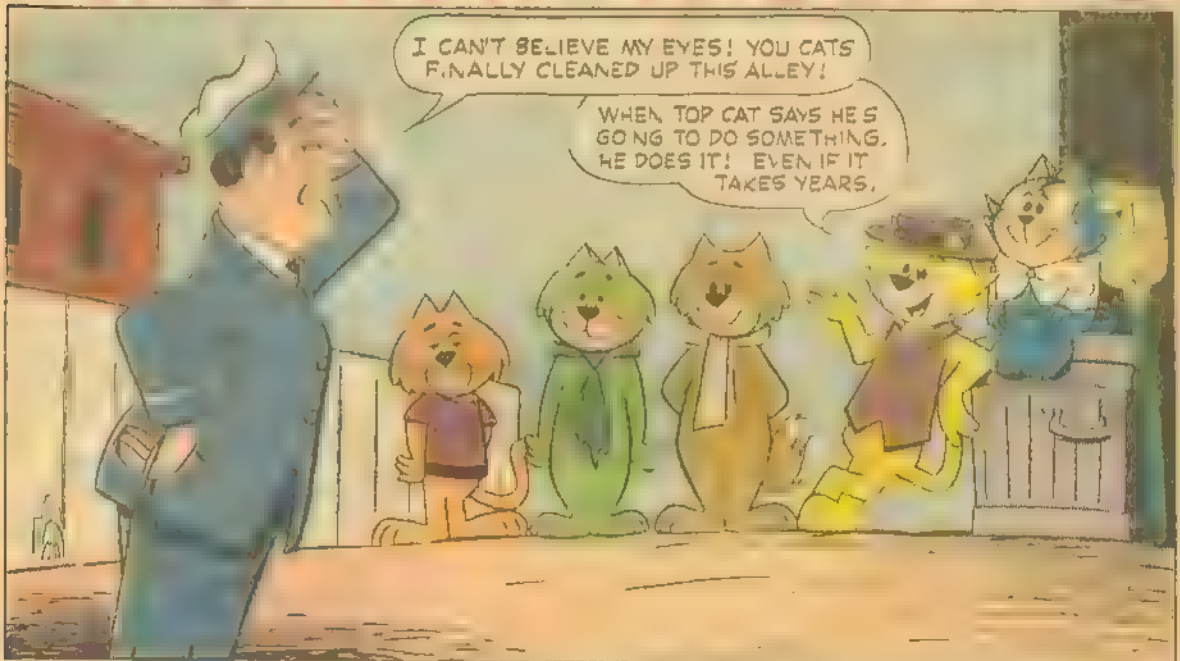




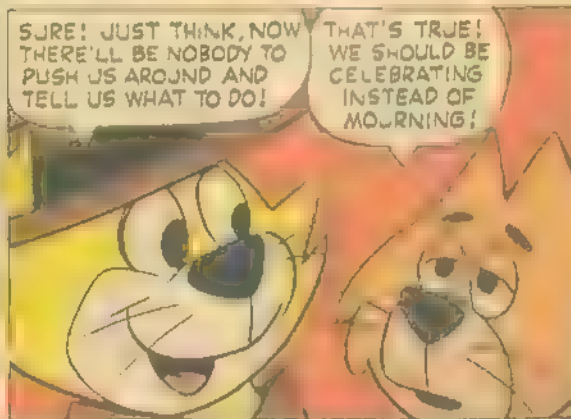
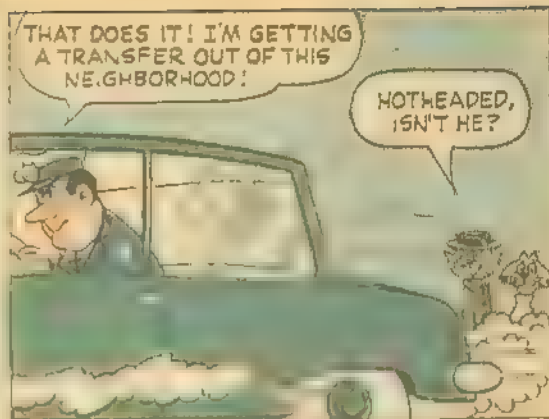
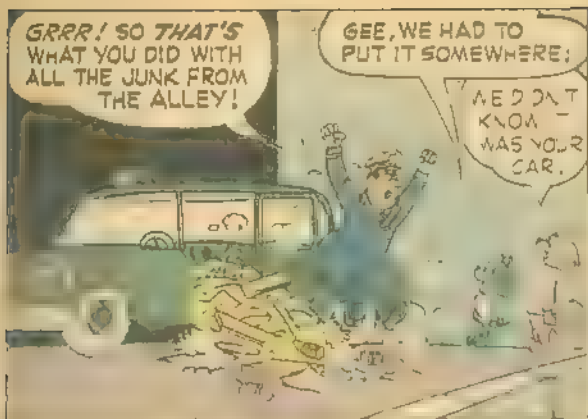




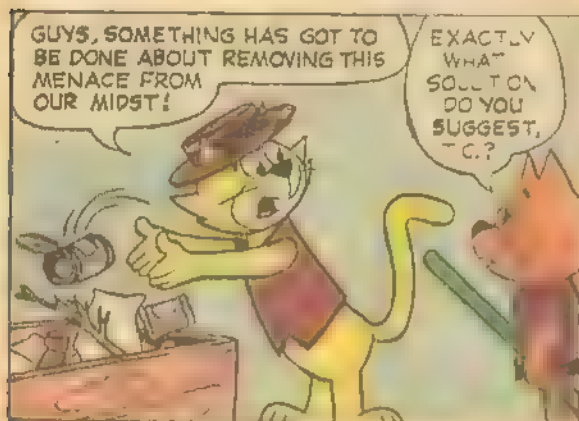
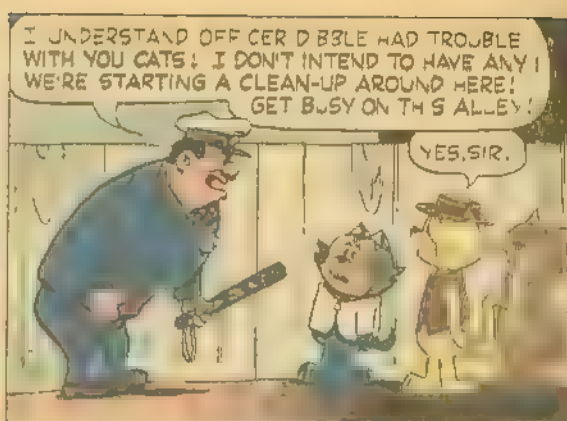
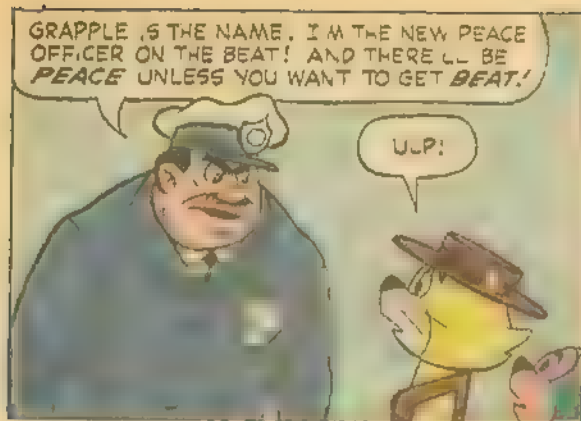
# TRANSFER TROUBLES



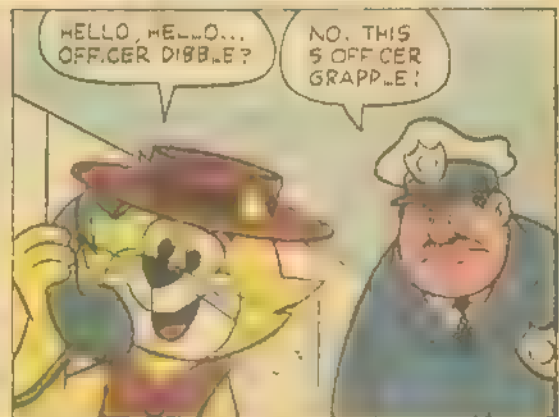
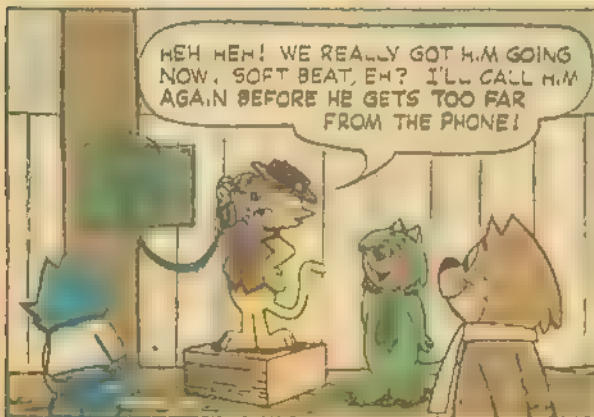
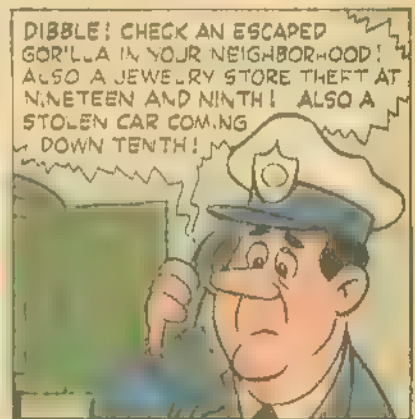
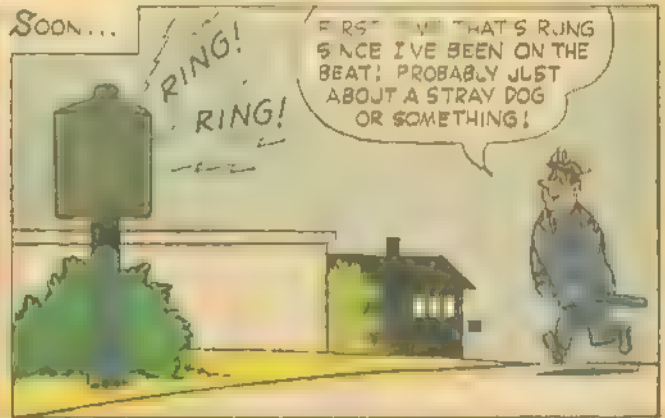
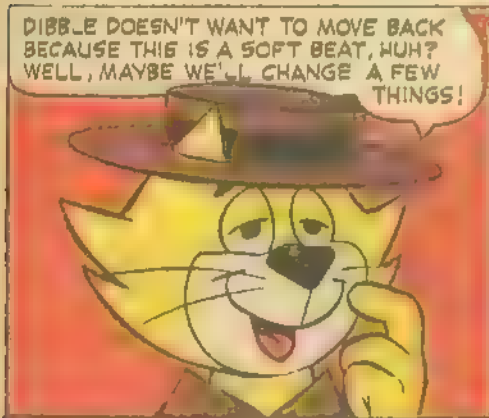
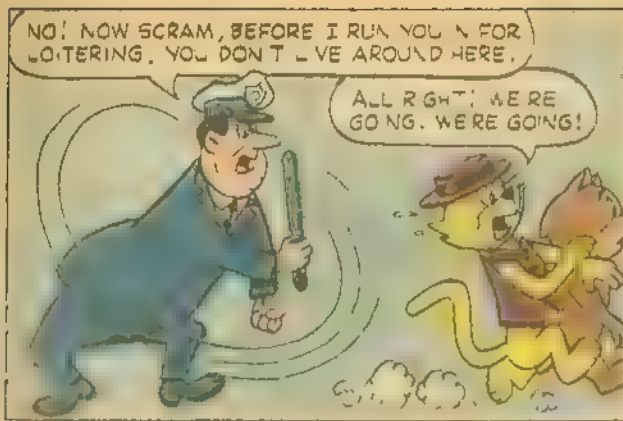




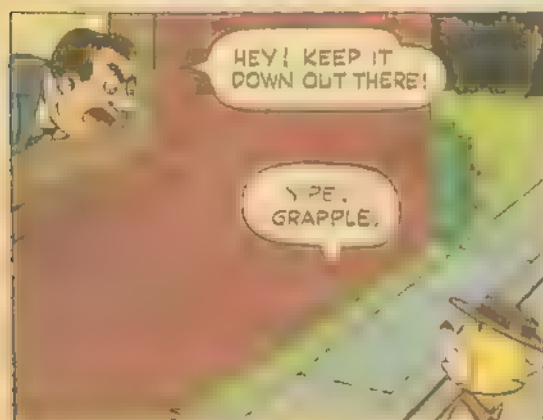
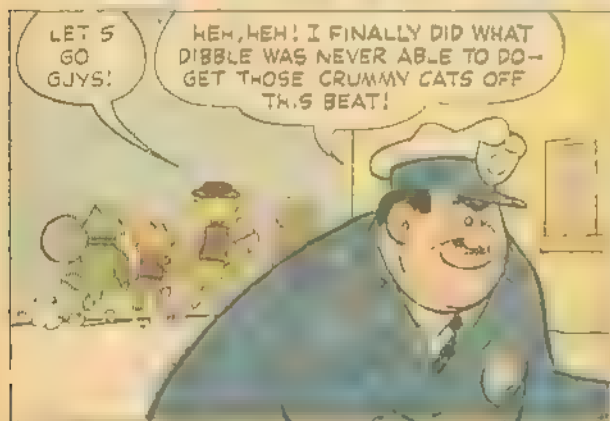
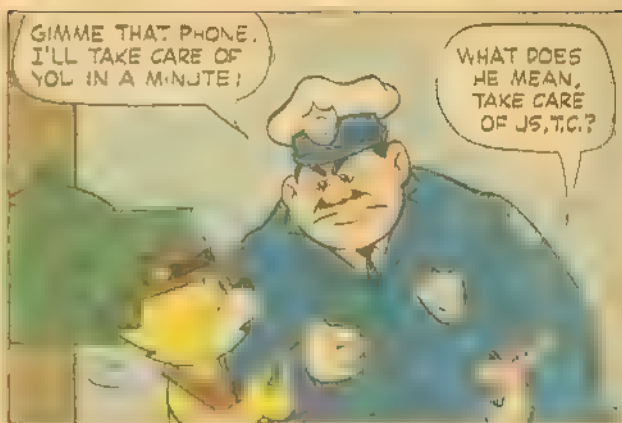
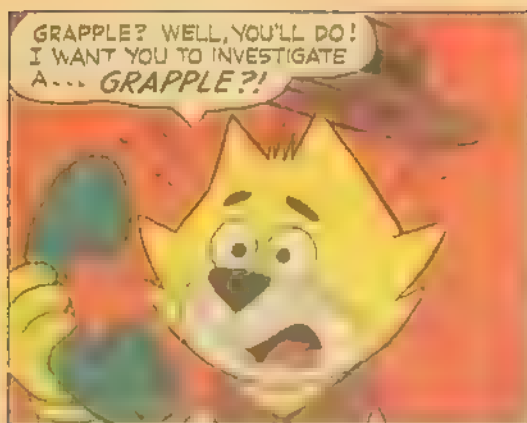










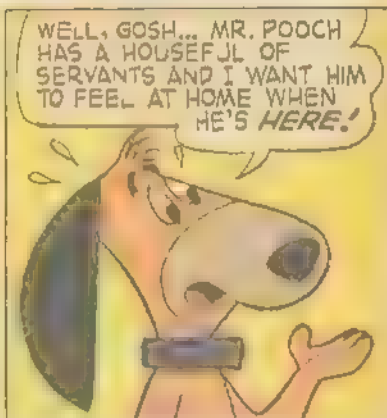
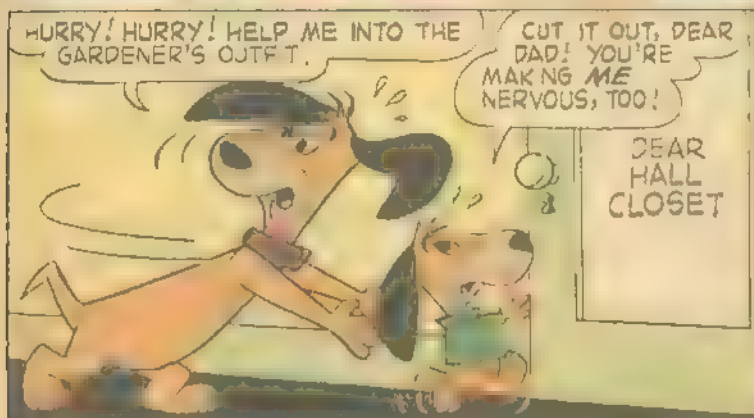
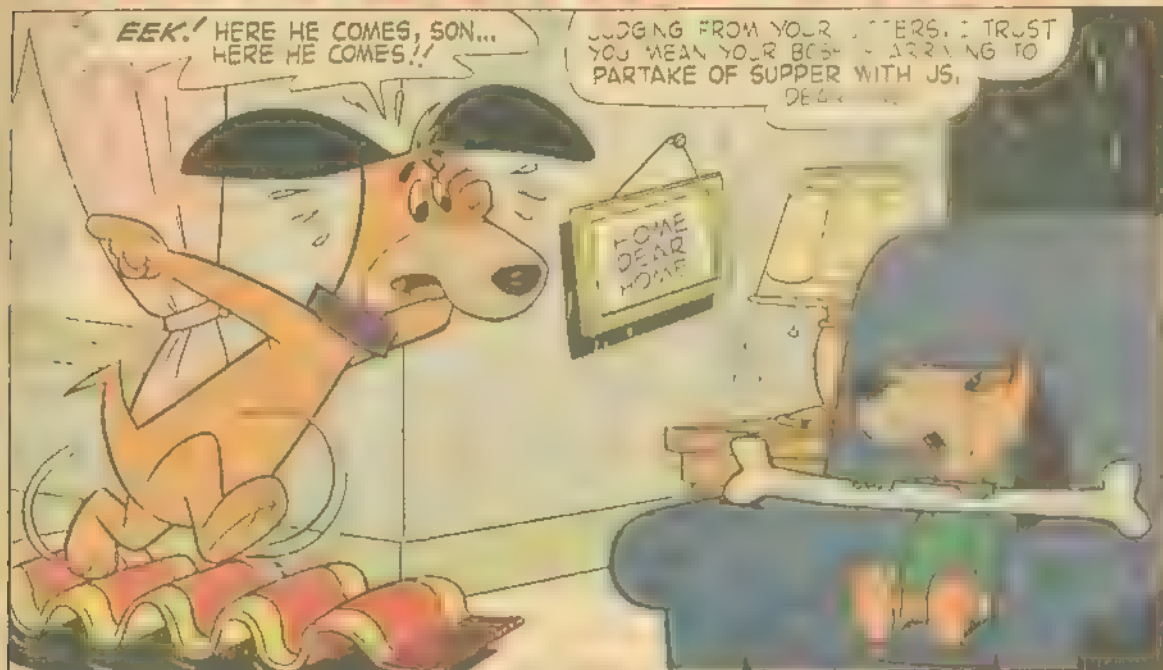




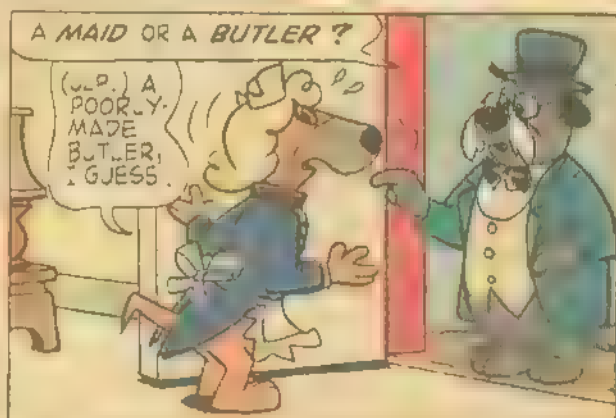
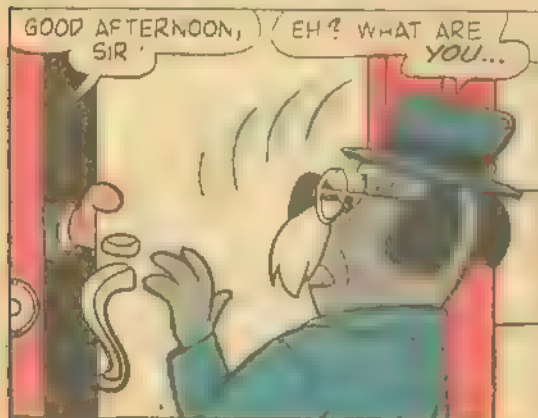
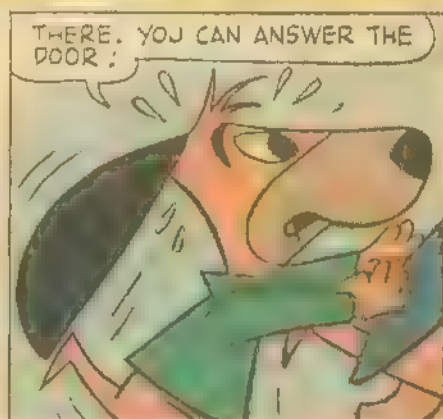
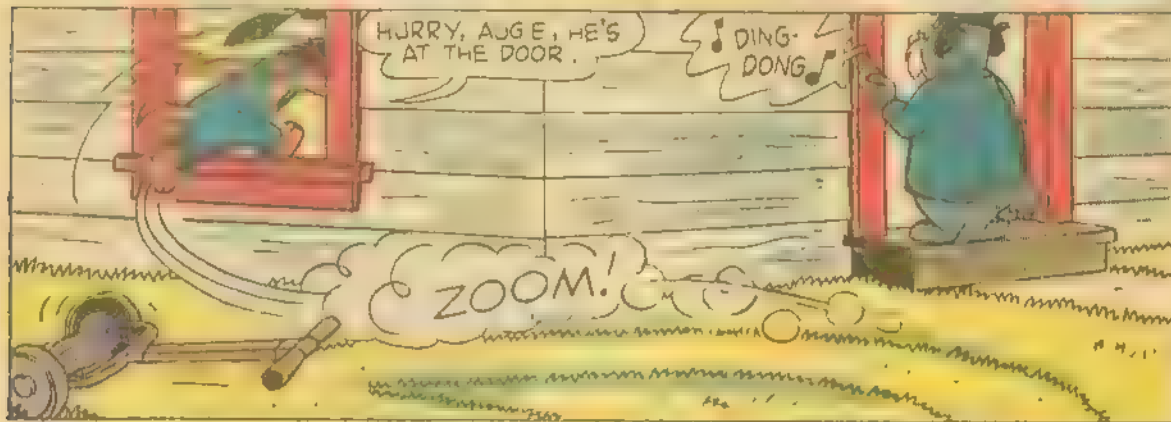
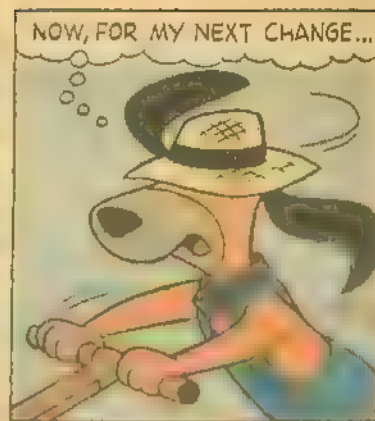
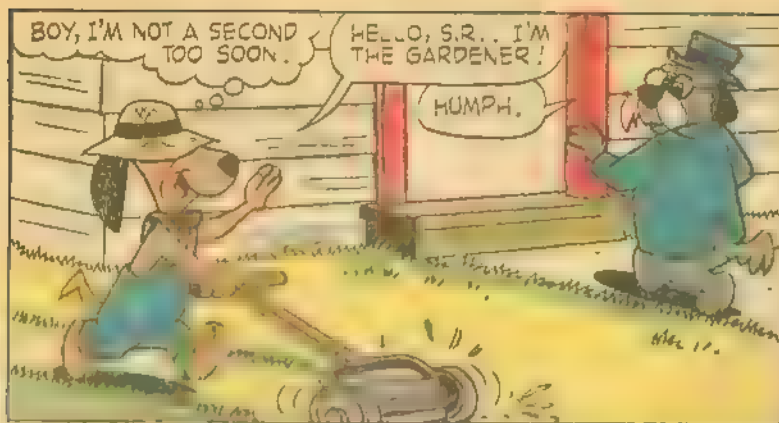
Hanna-Barbera

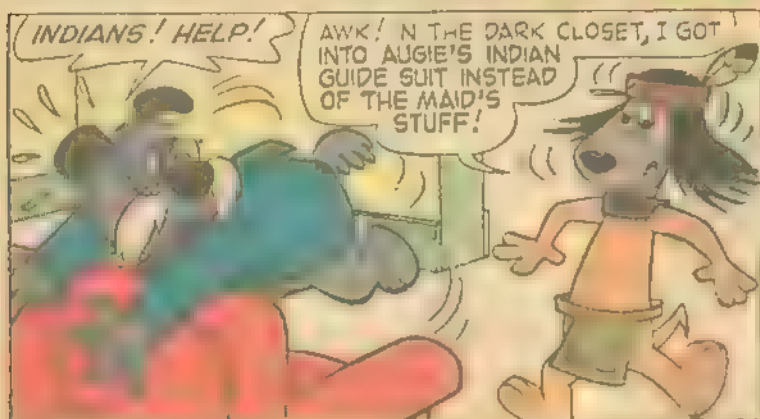
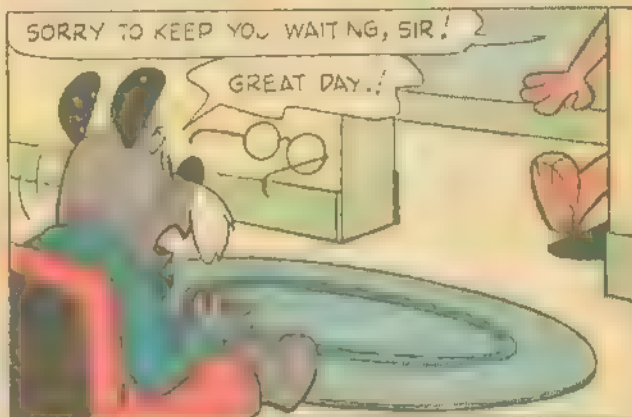
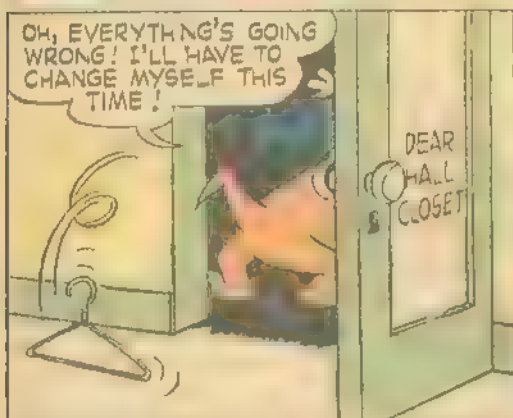
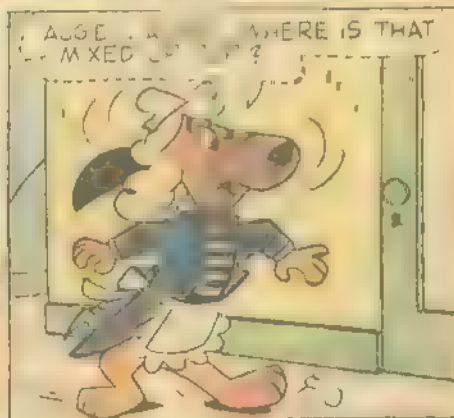
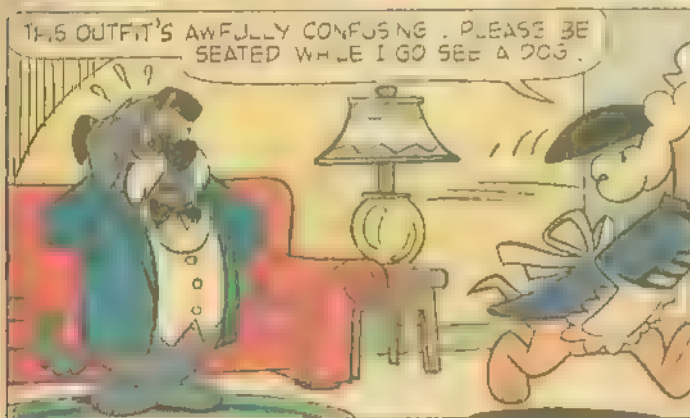
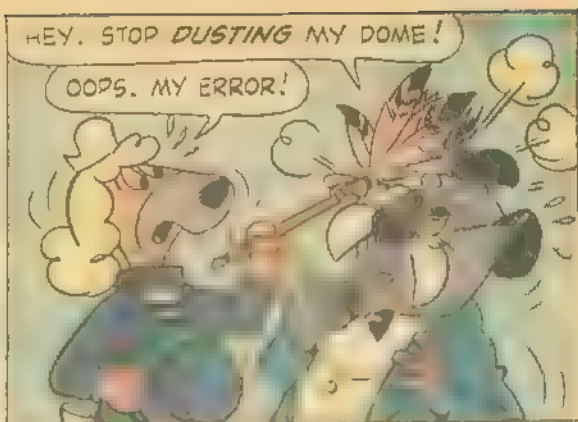
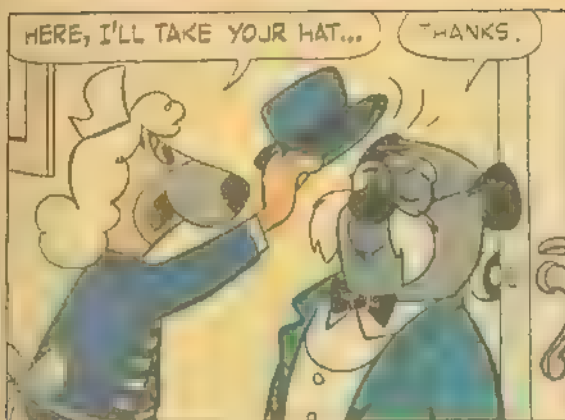
AUGIE DOGGIE

# MULTI-DUTIED DADDY

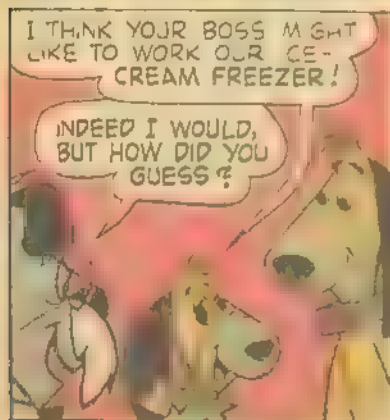
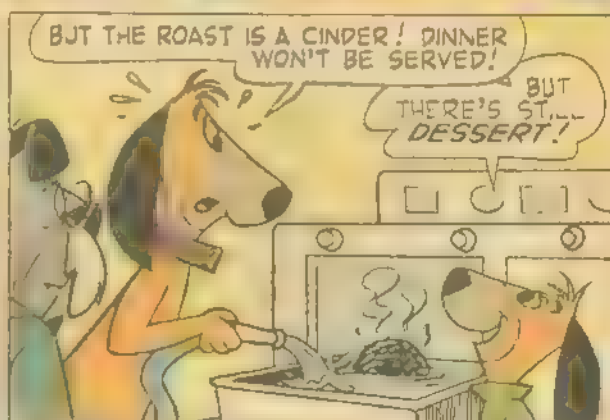
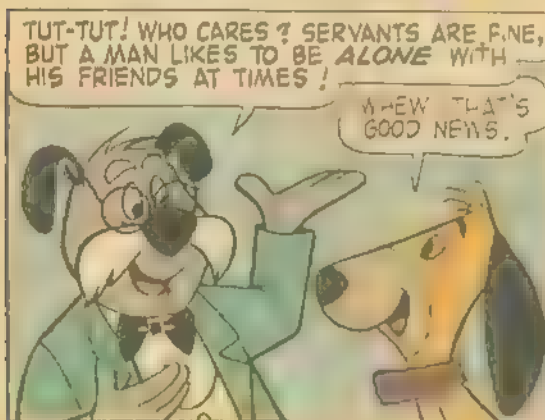
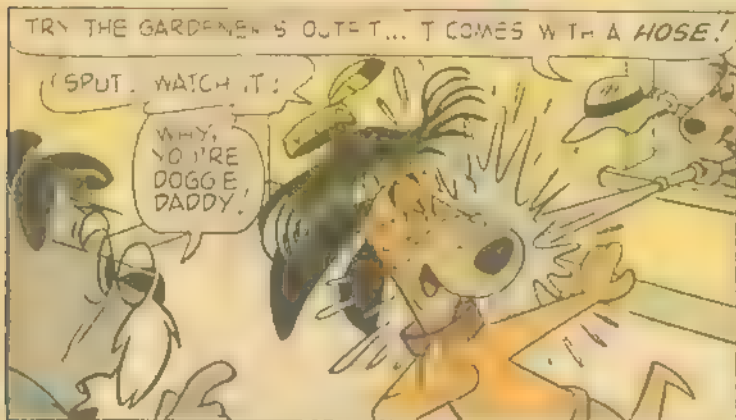
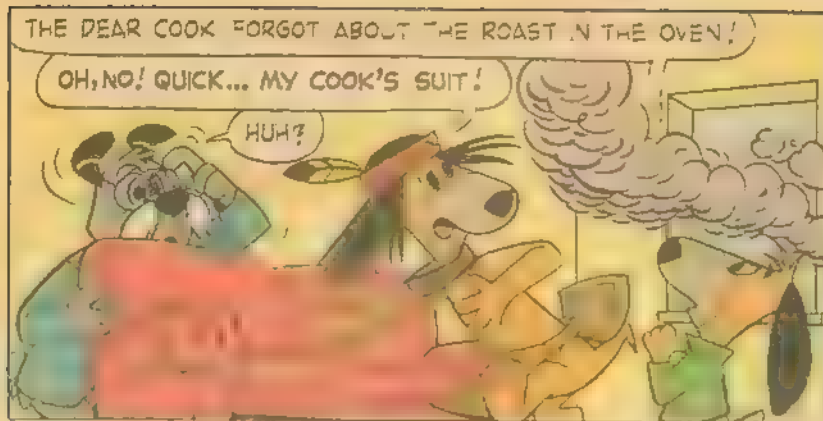






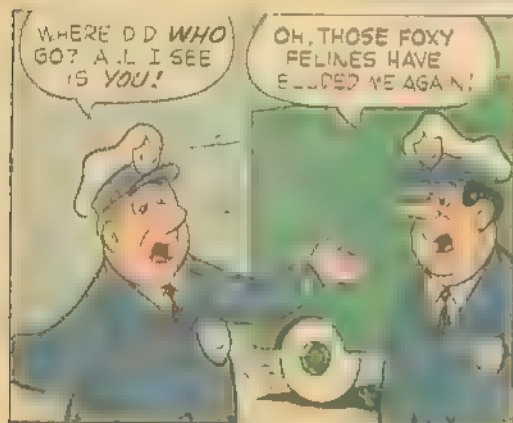
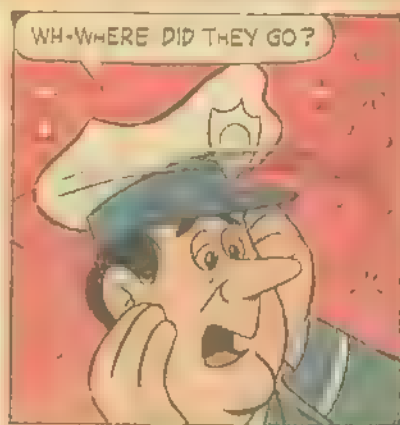
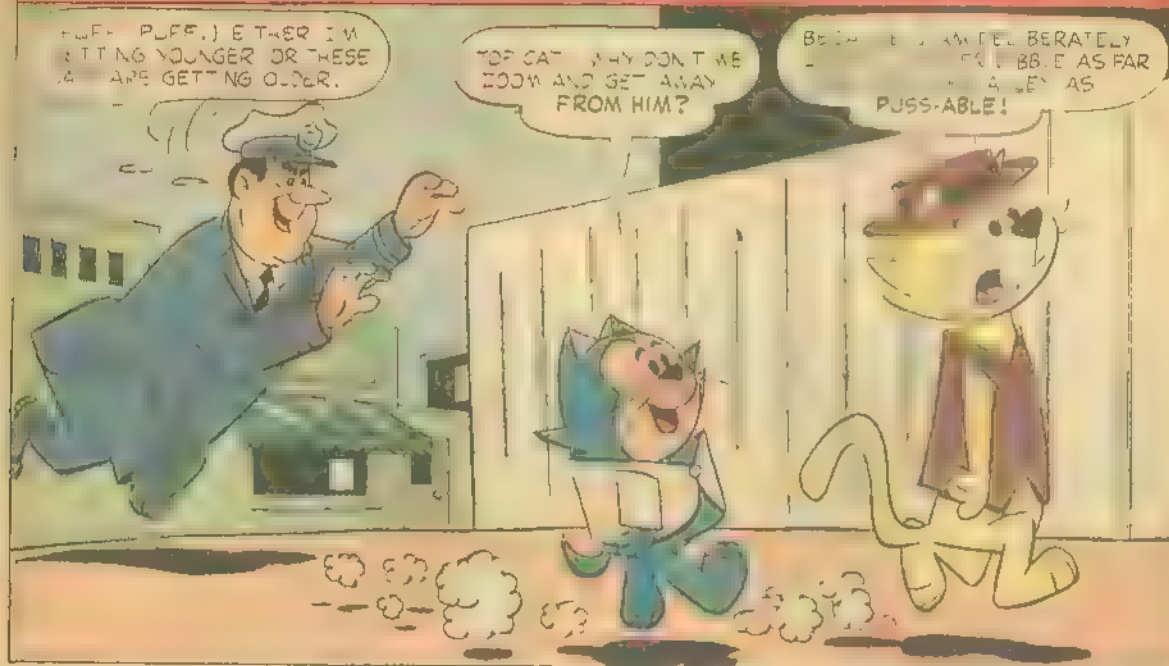




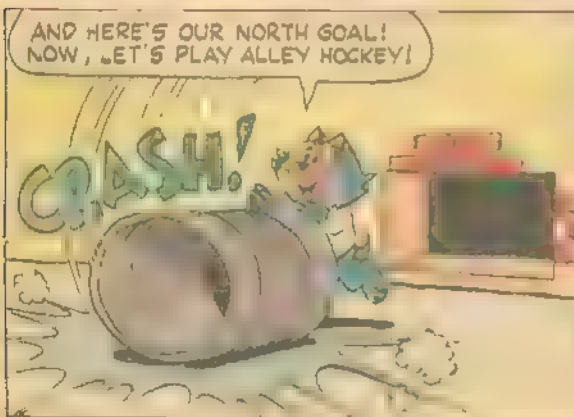
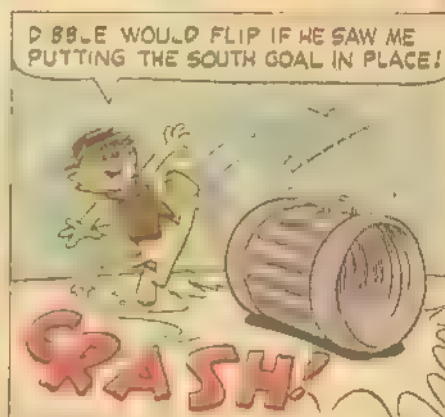
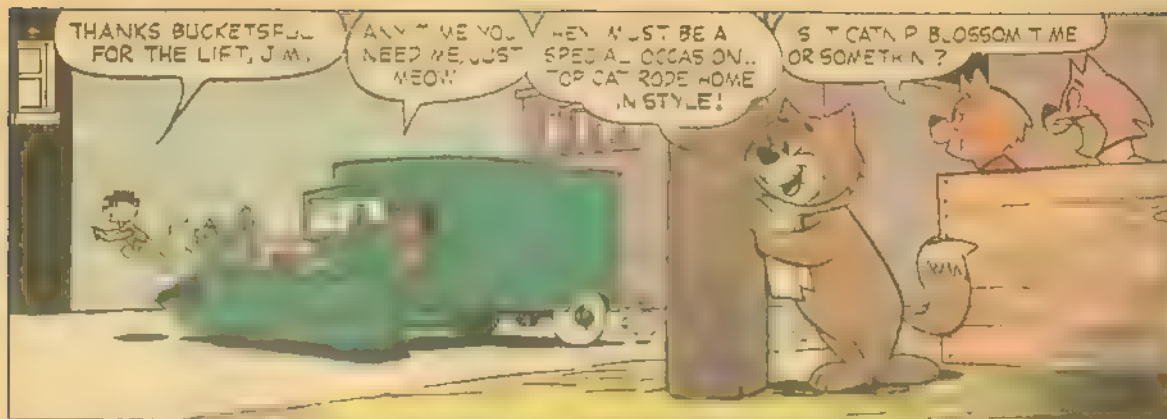


Hanna-Barbera  
**Top Cat**

# TIN CAN ALLEY

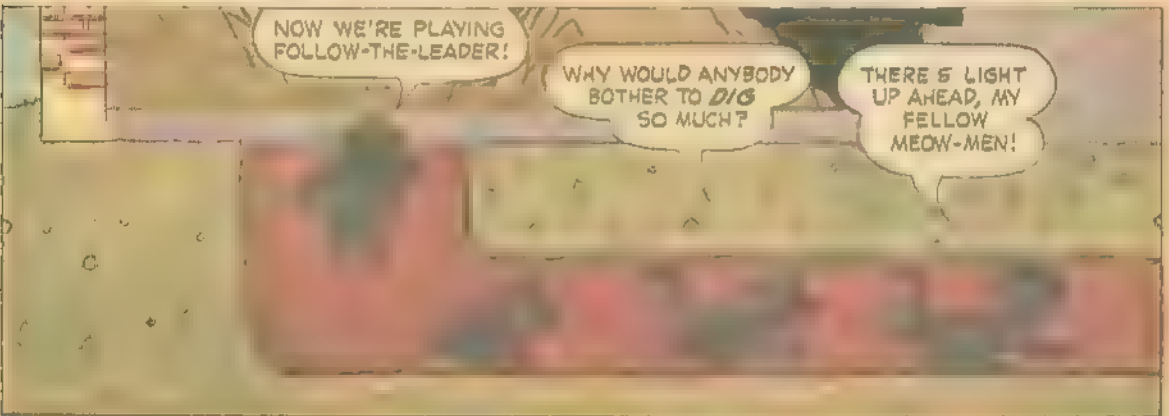
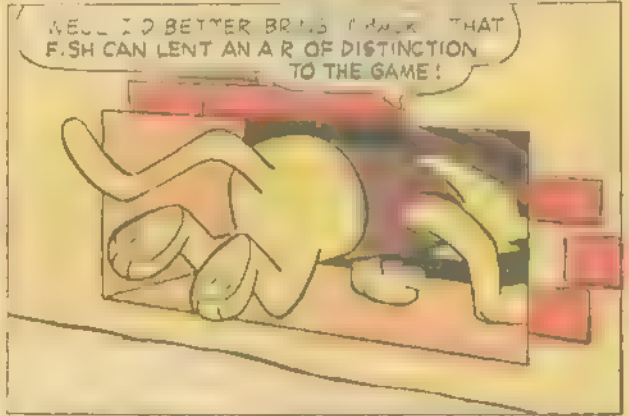
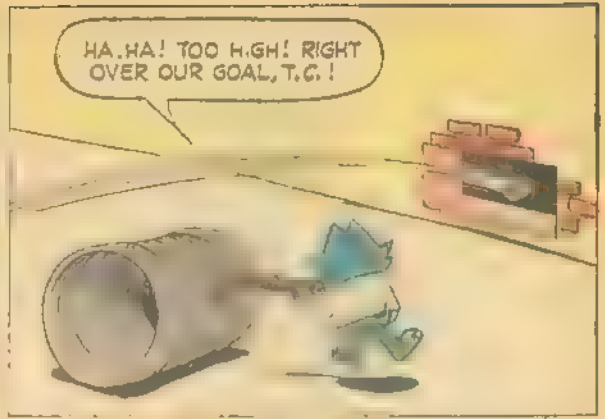




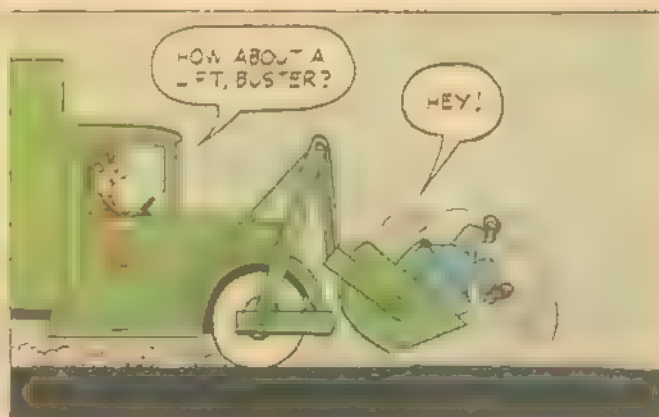
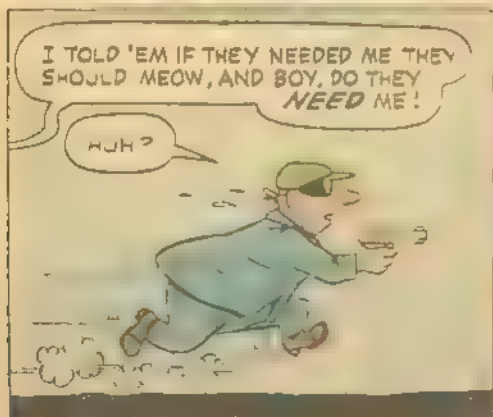
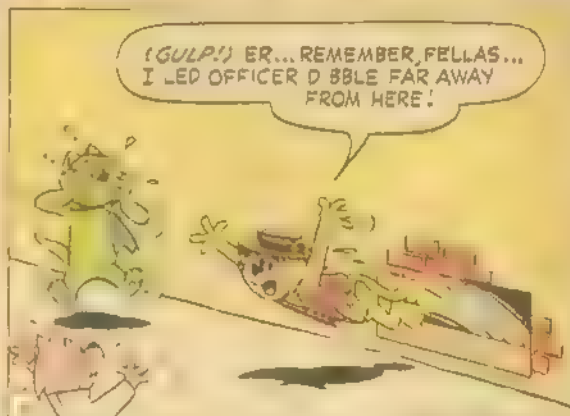
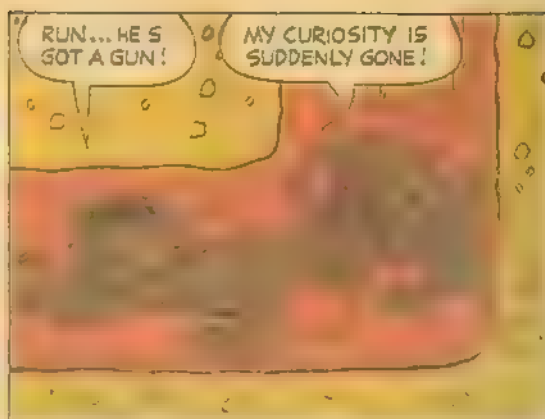


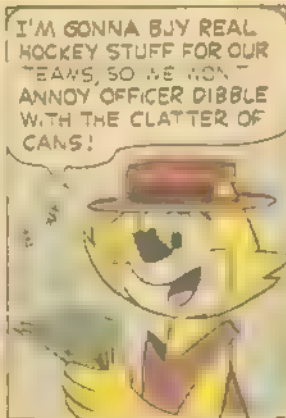


SWAT!





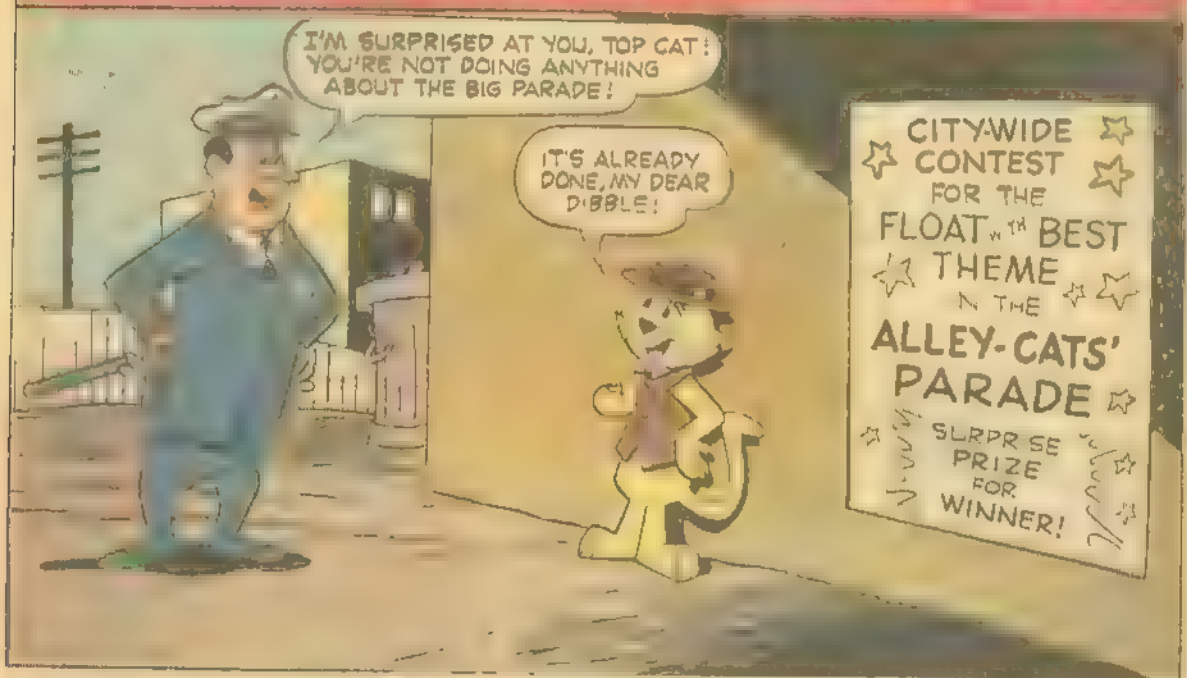


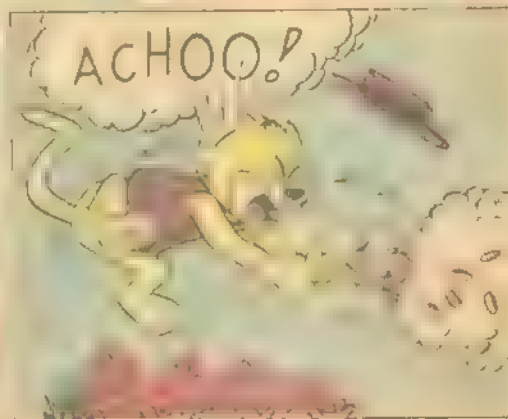
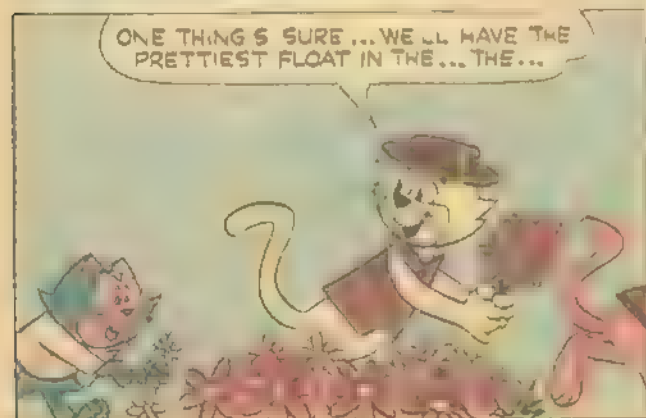
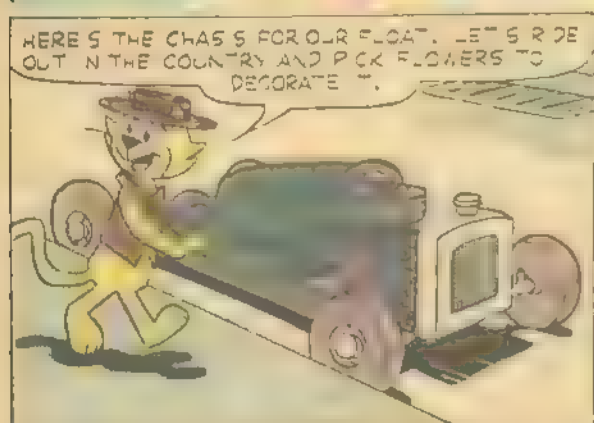
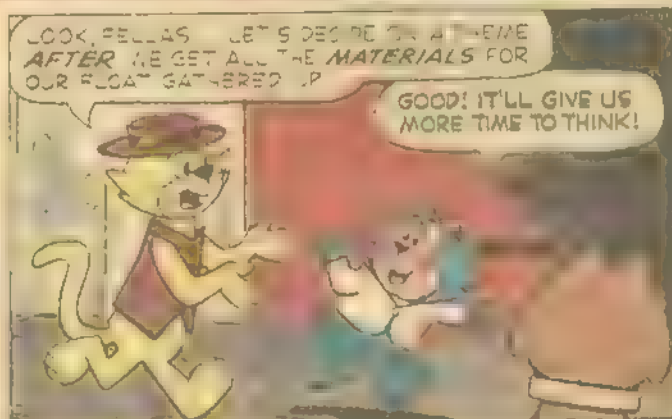
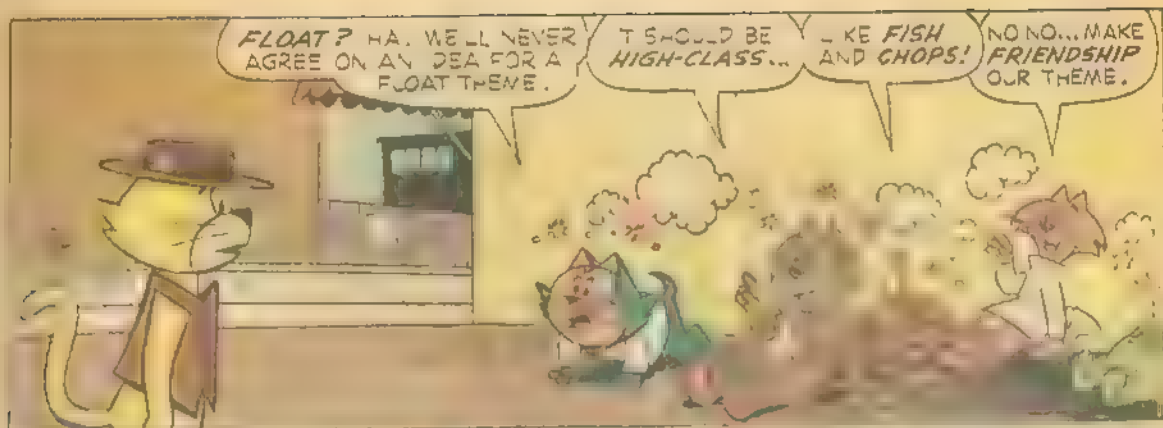




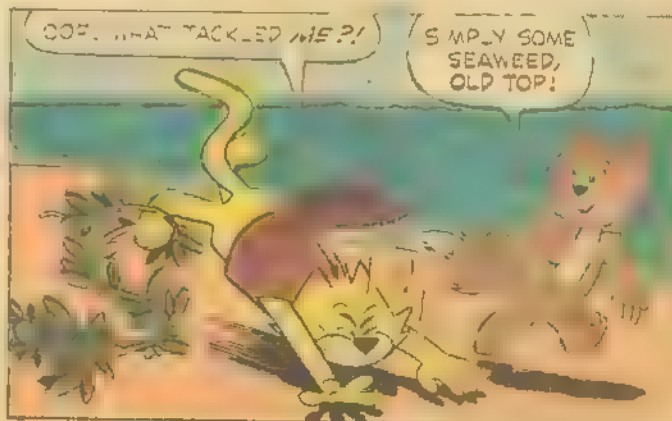
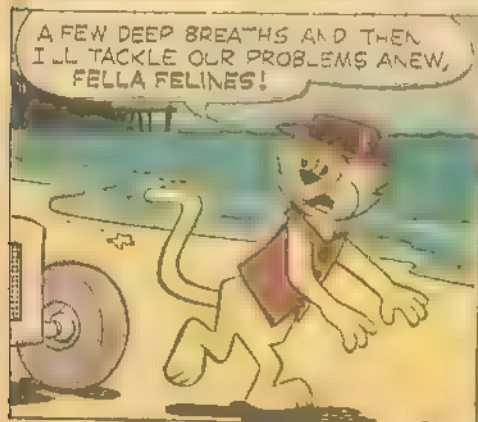
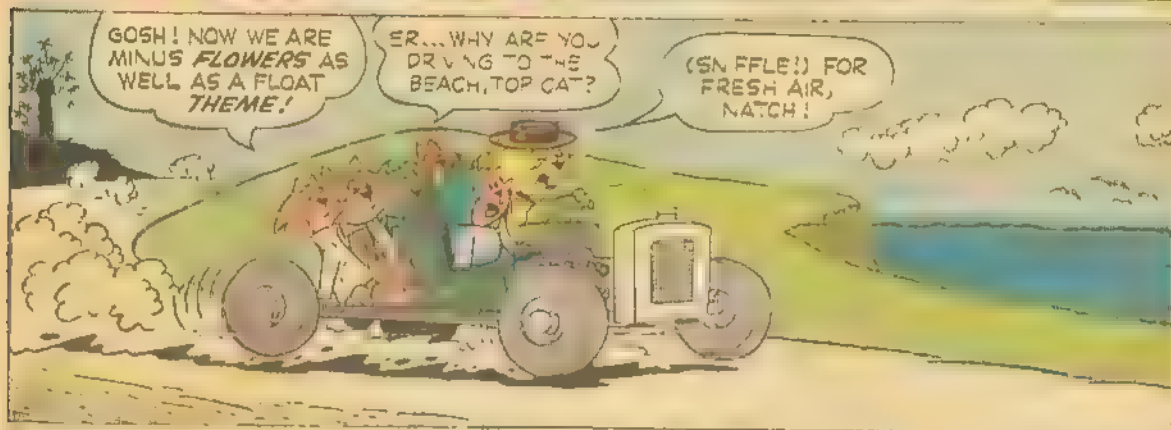
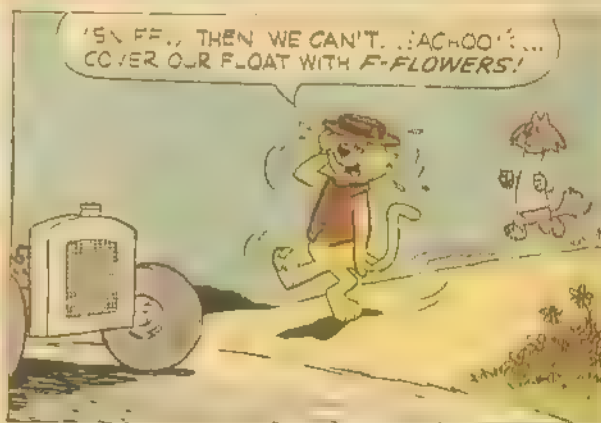
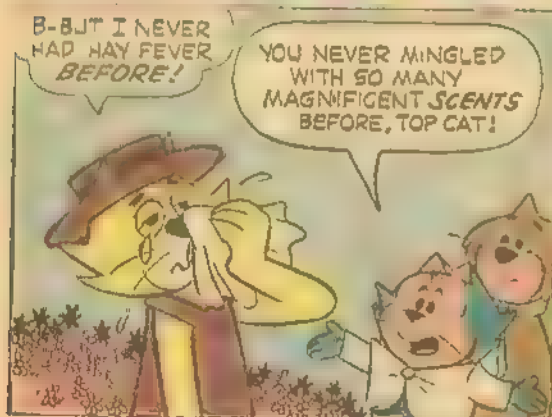
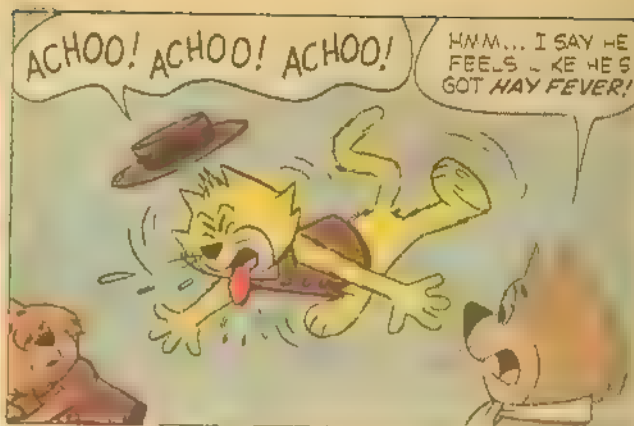
Hanna-Barbera

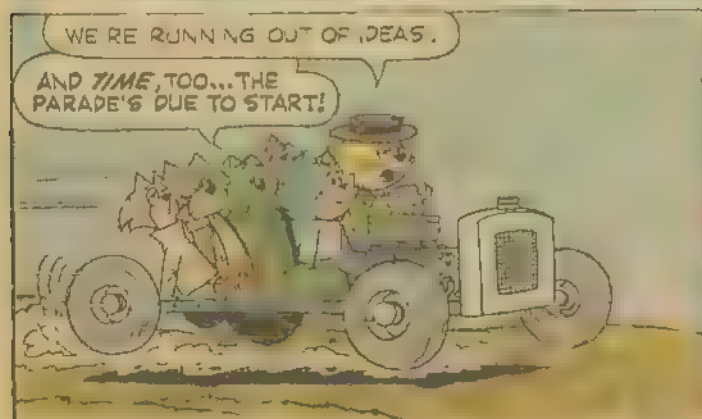
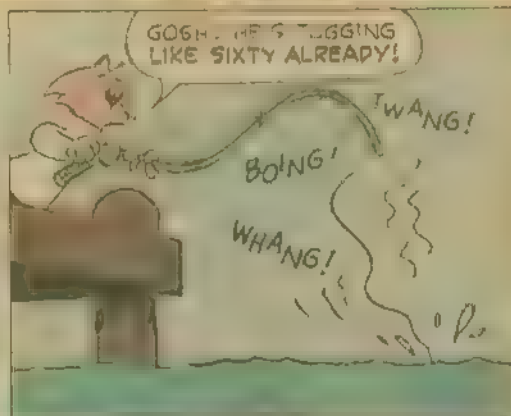
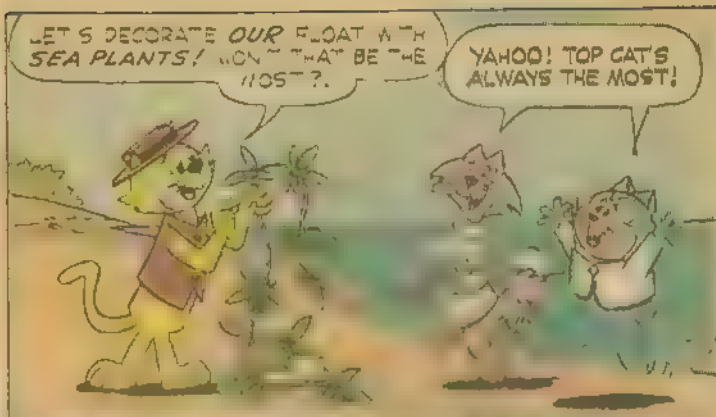
# Top Cat PARADE PANIC





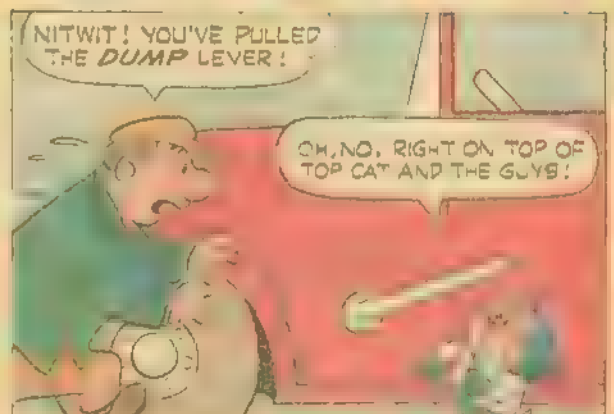
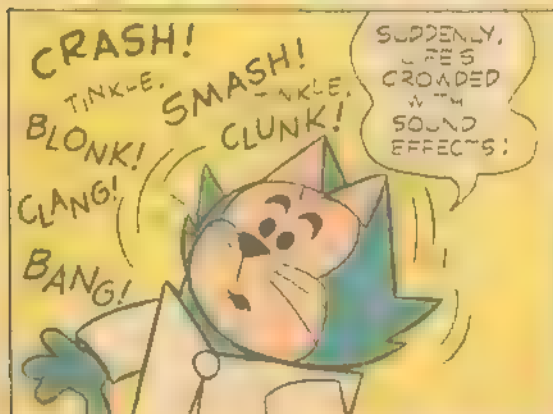
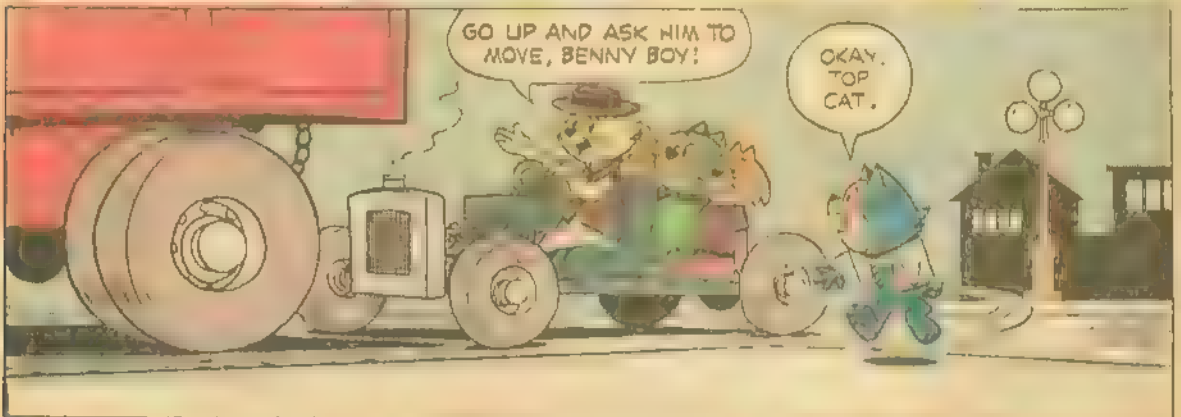








AND SO, A GLOOMY GANG RETURNS TO THE ALLEY...







# Top Cat

TRADE WIND



Meet  
Tubby,  
the  
Whale

LET ME SPOUT YOU A QUESTION—  
HAVE YOU TRIED **TUBBLE**—  
THE NEW FUN BUBBLE SOAP?

POUR UNDER RUNNING  
WATER—AND YOU'LL SAY,  
"LOOK MOM, I'M IN TUBBLE!"



TUBBLE WASHES YOU CLEAN  
AS IT BUB-BUB-BUBBLES!



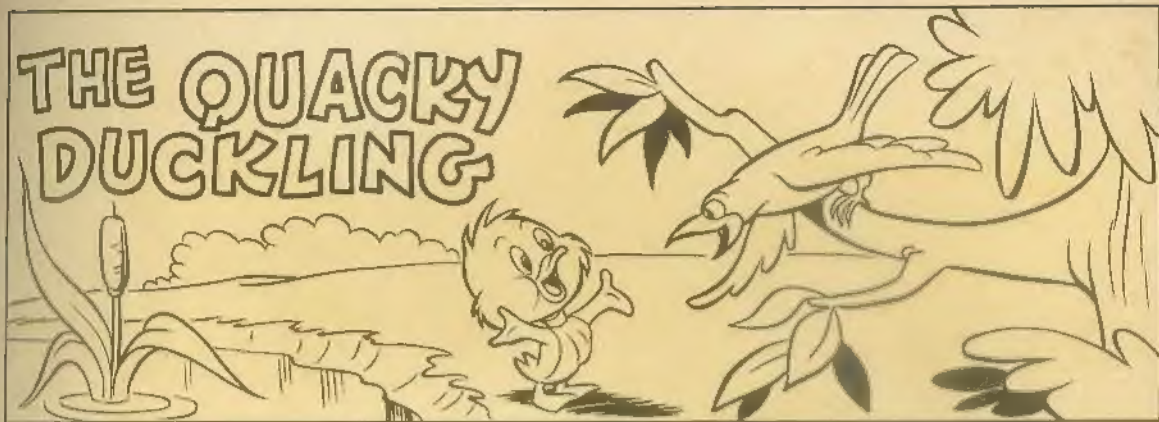
WON'T STING  
YOUR EYES,  
NEVER LEAVES  
A BATHTUB RING!  
AND WHAT A  
WHALE OF A  
LOT OF FUN!

3 COLORS IN THE 6-PACK OR NEW 9-PACK  
LOOK FOR  
**TUBBY  
THE WHALE**





# THE QUACKY DUCKLING



Yakky Doodle listened entranced, as Nancy Mockingbird, perched on a tree near his pond, sang a very melodious song.

"Wak!" Yakky sighed enviously, when she had completed her song, "all I can sing is 'WAK'! Do you think if I practice hard that someday my voice would sound as beautiful as yours, Nancy?"

"Troodle-dee," Nancy giggled. "Who has ever heard of a duck with a beautiful voice? Your voice is naturally harsh. Why, at times, I can hear you quacking when I am on the other side of the forest. Don't waste your time practicing, for your voice will never sound beautiful."

"Well," Yakky quacked, as Nancy flew away, "I'm going to practice anyway."

Yakky sang with gusto, his hearty voice penetrating to all parts of the forest and up to the heavy clouds which were rapidly settling into a thick ground fog.

Nancy, who was on the other side of the forest, covered her head with her wings.

"Ooo, what a terrible voice he has!" she grimaced. "I'm going to fly so high into the sky that I can't hear his racket."

Yakky continued to practice earnestly.

"Wak-wak-waaak!" he sang loudly, stopping only to listen for his echo to come back to him from the fog.

"... waaak! Help!" came the echo.

Yakky listened.

"Help!" the voice called again.

"My goodness!" Yakky thought to himself. "That's a funny echo. It's calling for help and I haven't even said 'help!'"

"Help!" the voice called again.

"Wak!" Yakky gulped. "That can't be my echo. Goodness, that is Nancy Mockingbird. She must be in trouble! What can I do?"

"Wak!" he quacked, as he swam across the pond, looking up toward the heavy fog.

"Nancy, where are you?" he called out, trying to place himself under the sound of her voice.

"I'm lost up here above the fog," Nancy cried out. "I can't see the trees or the ground. I've lost all sense of direction. Oh, Yakky, please help me!"

"Wak!" called Yakky. "Keep flying until you get in a position over my voice, and I'll guide you to the bushes near the pond."

Yakky continued to quack as loudly as he could so Nancy could follow his voice.

"I hear you! I'm coming," Nancy called.

Yakky kept quacking, and soon Nancy's voice began to come in loud and clear above him. Yakky sighed a sigh of relief.

"Now, Nancy," Yakky quacked, "come straight down. I'm right below you!"

Cautiously, she swooped lower and lower, and finally she broke through the fog which had blocked her view of the forest. With a nervous twitter of gratitude, she alighted on a bush where Yakky was waiting.

"What a frightful experience," Nancy exclaimed. "I don't know what I would have done if I had not heard your voice, Yakky. You saved my life! I'm so grateful!"

"Wak! I'm sure glad you're safe," replied Yakky. "That's all that matters."

"Oh, Yakky, I do hope you'll forget what I said about your voice before," Nancy chirped. "When I was lost above the fog and couldn't find my way back to the forest, your voice was the most beautiful sound in all the world."

"Well, what do you know?" Yakky looked a little surprised. "I guess it did pay to practice after all! Wak! Wak! Wak!"



Hanna-Barbera  
**Top Cat**  
TOP FLOP

